

## **Empty Hands by Im Just bored Ok**

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**Summary:** Beverly Marsh moves to her aunts house after what happened with the Losers Club and defeating Pennywise. But when she comes back to Derry, and something new blossoms? Beverly x Pennywise, do NOT read if you have a problem with it.

# 1. One

Yes, I know. This is an unlikely ship. It's something outside my boundaries of writing. I accept critiquing, not criticism. Big difference love. This is my first story on this app, comment what you think loves :))

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If i'm honest, I don't really remember much after defeating Pennywise with the other losers, I remember leaving immediately after, leaving my dads rotting corpse on the floor, removing all of the evidence of course.

I also made it seem like I had run away, which made my Fathers death look like a suicide. I went to my Aunties house, not so far from Derry. But thank god it was out of that town.

When I showed up on her doorstep, I can say she was surprised. Who wouldn't be? But of course she welcomed me in. I never knew my family, my Dad never took me over, scared that I would tell "our" secrets. He was smart enough to do that. I only knew my Auntie because of my mother. I went through her stuff to luckily find an address, she knew of my existence at least. Once I explained everything that happened (leaving the part that I had killed him, how messy that would be.) After that, she welcomed me into her home. She had a kid herself, 16 years old. He was a nice guy, good looking too, but not my type.

But you probably think, "oh she went on to be rich successful, great, with a loving boyfriend." No, successful? I mean, I got average grades, and kept out of trouble. But that was all really, I never had a game plan for life. Just to get the hell away from Derry, not running away. But running towards something.

But it's funny because today, I find myself driving back to the same, small town filled with my darkest memories in the middle of the night. Something was drawing me to there, I could never get much sleep when I left Derry, and when I did, I couldn't remember my dreams and always felt off. Way off. I think it's funny, I like to see

myself of being brave driving back right now. Did I know why? No. Although I did feel safer though that Pennywise, no, *It* was dead, and my Father was as well. I guess I wanted to see how the small town had gotten along the years. I arrived, nothing really changed. Same schools, same Paul Bunion statue, all I did was walk around, I would go to a motel once I got tired, I walked around some random streets too looking at the brick walls of the buildings. Huh, same missing kid reports.

Wait.

Missing kids? How many?

They weren't the ones from those few years ago. It hadn't even been 27 years yet. We defeated him, *It*.

I looked at the report.

"Veronica Johnson, 5'5, black hair, went missing 7/25/19 was last wearing a plain white T shirt tucked in with blue jeans. Was last seen taking a walk around the sewer areas."

No.

This couldn't be true, I flipped the pages. These kids were all forgotten by another kid going missing, being eating by *It*. We defeated it, that couldn't be possible? How? How had he come back so fast? The questions roamed my mind, but was I really worried? I was honestly more fascinated than worried. Then all of a sudden, I feel a presence.

A deep, dark one.

My body begins to feel heavy, I look around to see nothing. I then began to realize nobody is around me.

"See Bev? Nothing to take you away into the sewers and kill you." I said to myself,

Then I hear it, the giggle that turns into a frightful laugh. A giggle that's like a gloat, almost laughing like what I said was a lie.

"Except, you're wrong Beverly."

Then I see him.

First I see the two glowing gold orange eyes, piercing in the dark. He stands tall, in the shadows, then he emerges. He stands at least a foot taller than before, I see his fire red hair standing up naturally just like the few years ago the losers and I saw when we thought we had defeated you. Then I see the ruffles, the suit. He's almost in the light where I can see his full form.

Am I scared?

I don't know.

It's intoxicating to not know what I'm feeling, in the whirlwind of thoughts I'm having, I realize it's curiosity is the feeling I'm having. Shouldn't I be afraid? Any normal person would be. But now is not the time to think about feelings. It's inching closer, I can now see It's full face. It's still the same. I don't know what to say, is It stronger? Is It going to kill me? I don't know.

"How foolish you are to come back, for what reason exactly? To take a stroll? What was your plan exactly Beverly Marsh?"

His voice is the same as well, low and smooth, with a sadistic tone in it. I'm then over come with a heavy-ness on my eyes, I'm getting tired. I fall to the ground, but before I hit the last thing I feel and remember is *It* grabbing me and slinging me over his shoulder and saying "stupid girl."

## 2. Two

I awake in a large bed with silk sheets and a big, white comforter splayed over my body. I'm unaware of my surroundings, this place is different.

Then I remember,

My mind rushes, is he here? Where am I? Is he watching me right now? Can he read minds? Where is he if he isn't here?

"Foolish girl I'm right here, it's not even day light." He emerges from a corner, he was fully camouflage, like he came from the dark. Wait, it's not even day light yet?

It's true, I look out the window across the room. Not even a pinch of sunlight, or a sign indicating the suns going to come out. So what time is it? I reach for my pockets, I can't find it. My heart races, where is it?

"It's somewhere where you can't find it, can't have you finding it and then calling your friends or family and then getting out of here can we?" It's right, Its smart, not that I ever thought he was dumb, he's manipulated several little kids, teens, and even some adults possibly to be his food. I wouldn't call him dumb for that.

Should I call It it, or he. It's confusing. Oh well,

"Why'd you come back?" He said, I looked up at him. Jesus christ, he's huge. "I- I don't know. I- I- Just"

"Stop stuttering, ever since you and your little friends almost defeated me, I've loathed stuttering, the little ring leader always stuttered. Pathetic."

It's funny, stuttering? It really got on his nerves that bad? Hm

"I came back because I honestly don't know, my mind is drawn to this place. It has my deepest darkest memories that could never fade my mind. I haven't even slept well ever since I left I haven't slept well, and when I do, it's horrible. I can't even remember what I dream, but

it leaves me with a bad taste in my mouth, a gut clenching feeling, like something isn't right. You know?"

I can't believe this, I'm having a normal conversation with an entity, a thing that eats my species, it's intresting.

He stays quiet though, but lightly nods his head. He nods it so little you couldn't catch it if you blinked. It's an awkward silence, I use that time to process this, I'm in a bed, that's not mine. That an entity that eats my species put me on, that is probably going to kill me.

So I ask, "why don't you kill me?" His head looks up, towards me. "I'm using you." Hm? "For what?" I say, "for bait," he shortly replies. I don't know his tolerance level for talking, if he "loathes" it, or never cares for it, or even is a little shy maybe. I look around, bored and awkward and a little panicked by the empty silence. What am I supposed to do?

"I'm going to eat, the sun will be out soon. The bathroom is out of this room and down the hall, if you need to shower if need be. I won't be long, I just need a little snack."

That sickens me to my stomach, a *snack*? What was a snack to him? A little toddler, a couple elementary kids? What is a snack to him?

Was Georgie a snack?

He starts to leave, then a question sparks my mind. I blurt it out right before he's about to leave.

"Wait! Pennywise." He freezes and stands there for a minute, the slowly turns his body.

"Yes?" He voice is dark, and cold.

"Are you going to eat me? Why use me for bait?" Out of the million questions I had, why ask those? Eat me? Of course! Jesus, Bev! Bait, to make his hunting better!

"Eat you? We'll see, bait? You're thinking it's for hunting, but that job is much too easy. I'm going to lure your friends back to this city, one by one. Then I'm going to use you for bait so I can finally eat them. It

won't be fast either, they're going to get it extra torturous and slow." His voice, that damn voice. What's so compelling to hear it?

"When?"

He looks like he's being annoyed by my questions, but he answers anyways. "Soon."

I then blink and he's gone.

I yawn, what is there to do in this house? Where is it anyways?

I hop out of the bed, walking across the room and opening the door. I thought I was going to open to a rickety floor with a musty smell, instead i look out to a modern style house, it was actually quite nice. It would be worth a lot if you put it on the market. I looked down the hall to my right, there was a couple doors on either side and one directly down the hall and the end. I took my chances, this was Pennywise. There could be dead bodies stashed in the rooms. I took my chances with the one directly down the hall, bracing myself and inhaling before opening the door.

Huh.

Just a regular bathroom, beyond regular actually. There was white tile on the sides of the bathroom, a huge shower with a movable shower head. My god imagine how easy it would be to shave in that! There were two sinks on both sides of the room. Glass cabinets above both of them. I noticed that there were basic things in there, toothbrush, toothpaste, shampoo conditioner, basic things. Wow, all of this, conjured up in a snap a fingers.

Was this just for me? Did he actually use any of this stuff? I doubt it, he doesn't have the things us humans do, he doesn't have BO or bad breath or anything. I'm envious.

I stretch my arms and get a whiff of my armpit smell, ew. I wonder over to the left cabinet and grab a red loofah, shaving cream, a shaver, shampoo conditioner, and the other nesscities for a shower. I walked to the corner of the room, opening the door to the shower. My gosh this was posh. I admired the way he layed the whole thing

out. Like it was from my mind, I turned on the shower, slipping over the impressively already hot water. I moaned, enjoying the pleasure. I almost forgot what it's like to not be on edge, to actually enjoy myself.

Funny, I feel more safe in the household of a thing that could kill me in a second than any other place in the world.

I open up my body was bottle, sniffing it and falling in love with the smell of cherry blossoms filling my nose, I pour some of it on the sponge, lathering the solution all over my body watching it foam. I rinse off, going about my shower routine. It feels so good to relax, my lord I could stay in this shower forever. But alas I had to step out, I slide out, immediately feeling the cold air breezing my body. Shoot, I forgot a towel. I look at the small closet door in the corner, wondering my way over. I open, fuck. Only more soaps in it.

I looks in the cabinets, nothing there. I look everywhere, no towels.

Where the hell are they? Are they really outside?

I'm already cold enough, and I don't wanna put clothes on when I'm wet. Fuck! I forgot those too!

I go over to the enetrance door opening it and feeling even more cold. God why couldn't I have common sense and grab one before hand?

I rush to the bedroom, bundling up in a blanket enjoying it against my skin. There's something about being naked and having a blanket over you that's so comforting.

But I can't stay like this.

I groan once i unwrap myself from the warmth to feel yet another cold breeze. "I guess i could just wrap this around me at least." I think, I pick up the blanket and wrap it around me yet again. Snuggling into the softness, I open the door and scream, dropping the blanket on the floor.

"JESUS FUCK DON'T SCARE ME LIKE THAT," it was Pennywise, he looked like he was about to enter. My gosh why couldn't he wait a



little longer or knock? I realize I'm naked, I then hastily try to grab the blanket, immediately wrapping it around my body. I glare at him, he's just standing there.

"Why are you back?" I ask, I should've asked where the towels were. Again, stupid Bev. He looks me up and down, even though i'm covered in a blanket that's 2 times my size, I still feel naked under his glance. Vulnerable.

"I've eaten, and the towels are down the halls opposite of the bathroom."

I roll my eyes in my head, they're towels, why would they be across the bathroom?

This, Beverly Marsh. Is your life, you don't know when it's going to end. If it will end by that thing eating you. Or he might let you go, and those chances are slim to none.

Dear god it's going to be a bumpy ride.